

160
FLORA;

A N

5th. theat. vol. 64
OPERA.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL

I N

Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

BEING THE

FARCE of the COUNTRY-WAKE,

Alter'd after the Manner of the

BEGGAR'S OPERA. *K*

The **FOURTH EDITION**, Corrected.



L O N D O N:

Printed for G. WELD in *Little-Britain*. M.DCC.XXXII.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir Thomas Testy, *Uncle and* Mr. Bullock,
Guardian to Flora. S. Senior.

Friendly, a Gentleman in Love } Mr. Sakway.
with Flora.

ick, *Servant to* Friendly. Mr. *H. Bullock.*

Job, a simple Country Fellow. Mr. Laguerre.

Old Hob, *his Father.* Mr. *Hall.*

Three Servants to Sir Thomas.

Two Country-Men.

W O M E N.

Flora, Neice to Sir Thomas, in } *Mrs. Chantrel.*
Love with Friendly.

Petty, her Maid and Confident. Mrs. Kilby.

Rob's Mother. Mrs. Eggleton.

SCENE, in *Somersetshire.*

FLORA;



FLORA; An OPERA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

After the Overture. Flora and Betty discover'd.

AIR I.

To the Tune of, At Noon one sultry Summer's Day.

Flora Sings. **H**OW wretched are we Orphans made,
By dying Parents Will betray'd
To Guardians Powers, who oft invade
our Freedom, to our Cost.

*Like Captives they their Wards confine,
Pretending Care ; but with Design
To prostitute 'em for their Coin,
to whoe'er bids the most.*

Betty. —

Bet. Madam.

Flo. It's a sad Life I lead here.

Bet. Life indeed, Madam, is a sad Thing any where to Lovers, that are uncoupled.

Flo. Wer't thou ever in Love, Betty?

Bet. O most cruelly Madam ; but the Man I lov'd, had another more darling Mistress—call'd Claret—for whose sweet Society I was forsaken.

A I R II. Ye Beaus of Pleasure.

Betty Sings. *The Men of Pleasure,
Who count the Seizure
Of Virgin Treasure*

*a pleasing Task,
No sooner gain it,
But they refrain it,
Nay, oft disdain it
for t'other Flask.*

Flo. And how do you find your self now ?

Bet. As most Folks are, after the Loss of an old Lover.

Flo. How's that ?

Bet. Ready for a new One.

Flo. Would I were of thy Humour——But my silly Heart's
so set upon Mr. *Friendly*, that all Mankind beside are no more
than my own Sex to me.

Bet. Then you must have him, Madam, or you'll go into
a Consumption——

Flo. Ay, but how shall I come at him, Betty ?

Bet. Why run a Risque, Madam.

Flo. What Risque ?

Bet. Run away with him.

Flo. Psha ! How is that possible ! When my Uncle locks me
up as if I were his only Bottle of Brandy ?

Bet. You know, Madam, I have sometimes the Keys of
both in my Keeping——and if you please to uncork your
Conscience, I'll undertake in eight and forty Hours Mr. *Friendly*
shall have have at least half a Dozen Go-downs of you.

Flo. Ah, Betty ! I'm afraid you flatter me.

Bet. Nay, Madam, you are as good a Judge of that as I ;
for you must own, he has a very promising Person.

Flo. Psha ! I don't think of his Person.

Bet. If any other Women thought half so much of it, you
would pull her Commode for her.

Flo. Pooh ! but I mean I am afraid you are not sincere in
your Advice, and that if I shou'd trust you with any Design
of that Nature, you would discover it to my Uncle.

Bet. Ah ! but if I were to live with you, and have my
Wages rais'd, after you are married—I know whose Suspicion
does me a great deal of Wrong.

Flo. Swear then to be true, and I will trust you. But dear
Betty, be out of the Fashion for once, and keep your Oath ;
I'll tell you why I so earnestly intreat you.

FLORA; *An Opera.*

5

AIR III. I, who once was Great, now Little am grown.

*Flo. Sings. Custom prevailing so long 'mongst the Great,
Makes Oaths easy Portions to sleep on,
Whith many (on gaining good Places) repeat,
Without e'er designing to keep one.*

*For an Oath's seldom kept, as a Virgin's fair Fame;
A Lover's fond Vows; or a Prelate's good Name;
A Lawyer to Truth; a Statesman from Blame;
Or a Patriot Heart in a Courtier.*

*Bet. Here then, I swear, by all my Hopes and Perquisites;
by the sweet Profits of my Place in View, and double Wages
in Reversion; by your lac'd Shoes too big, and those too little;
by the Silk Gowns you'll give me at your Wedding; by all
your Manteaus, Heads, Hoops, Short-Hoods and Cloaks,
and as I hope your last blew Atlas never will be worn again;
I swear—*

*Flo. That you will inviolably keep my Secrets, and assist
me to your utmost, in running away with Mr. Friendly.*

Bet. I swear.

*Flo. Then I will trust you; and when I'm married, Betty,
every Article of your Oath shall be made good to you—Look
here then, here's a Letter I had just written to Mr. Friendly,
wherein I've promised, at Twelve a Clock to Night, to be up-
on the Mount in the Garden; and if he will take Care to meet
me on t'other Side, and set a Ladder against the Wall, I'll toss
over my Band-box, venture catching Cold in the Dew, and take
my Fortune with him.*

*Bet. There's Metal in the Proposal, Madam—Let's see the
Letter, he shall have it in a Quarter of an Hour, tho' I carry
it my self.*

*Flo. But I won't venture neither, unless his Answer tells
he'll be ready—So, dear Betty, be careful, I have no Mortal to
trust but thee.*

Betty. And no Mortal fitter to be trusted. [Exit.

*Flo. So, now my Heart's at Ease—I find my Resolution's
good at the Bottom; and since I have set my Head upon running
away, 'tis not my old Uncle, nor the Garden Wall shall stop
me, tho' he were as wise as a Bishop, and the Wall as high as
a Church-Steeple.*

AIR IV. Man in Imagination.

*Tho' my Uncle strives t' immure me,
My Lower's Voice will lure me,*

To

To keep from the Mount o'er the Garden Wall,
And fly this hated Place.

Oh, a tedious Day to me 'tis;
But when Sol's in the Arms of his Thetis,
Swift as the Roe (at my Hero's Call)
I'll elude my Hunter's Chase.

Ah!

Enter Sir Tho. Testy.

Sir Tho. How now! Mrs. Irreverence! Am I such a Hobgoblin, that you start at the Sight of me.

Flo. Sir, I did not think any Harm; but when you come upon one unawares—

Sir Tho. Unawares! What I surpris'd you then? Your Head was full of other Matters, which I suppose that close Committee of the Flesh and the Devil have absolutely resolv'd to be the Fundamentals of your Constitution.

A I R V. As I was walking thro' Hide-Park.

Sir Tho. *When a Girl fifteen Tears does attain.*

*Love's Follies invading her Brain,
Her Virtue's held by a slight Rein.
For Equipage, Hurry and Noise,
Gay Cloathing, and such Female Toys,
She'll forego more substantial Joys.*

*To a Feather or powder'd Tupee
Her Heart soon a Captive wou'd be.*

To keep such a one Chaste, we must lock her up fast:

That Maxim best pleases me.

Flo. Lord! Sir, how strangely you talk to one.

Sir Tho. Talk! you Malipert; why who shou'd talk to you but I? Who am I, Hussy? Who am I?

Flo. You are my Uncle by Relation, my Guardian by my Father's Will, and my Jaylor against mine.

Sir Tho. Then while you are my Prisoner, Hussy, how dare you take such Liberty?

Flo. Because Liberty, Sir, is the sweetest Thing a Prisoner can take.

Sir Tho. Don't you think in your Conscience now, Mistress, you deserve to be lock'd up?

Flo. I think in my Conscience, you ought to let me Marry, since I have a Mind to't.

Sir Tho. Provoking! Dare you own this to my Face.

Flo.

Flo. Why, Sir, it's a Fault, you have kept me in Prison for these ten Months, and I did not know but my confessing it might deserve a little of your Mercy.

Sir Tho. Astonishing! The Devil has harden'd you, Huffy! You are a Sight! Go, go, to your Chamber, People will stare at you; I wou'd not have you seen abroad in this Condition for—O Lurd! Your Brain's turn'd! You shall bleed Mistress; I'll have your Room darken'd: Water-Gruel, Discipline and Water-Gruel! Ye Gods!

Flo. Look'e Uncle, I find you have a Mind to drive me to a hard Bargain; therefore to let you see that I am no Hagler, I'll make you an Offer which shall fairly come up to the most you can make of me—as thus—

Sir Tho. What new Distraction has thou got in thy Head now?

Flo. Hear me: You know I have 8000 *l.* to my Fortune; and that by my Father's Will, you are to be allow'd the whole Interest of it, till I am either Married or of Age, to reimburse your Expences in maintaining me; which said Maintenance, by a modest Computation, may stand you in—Let me see—About seven or eight Pounds a Year, (for I've had no Cloaths but my Mother's)—Now, Sir, if you will immediately give me the Liberty of Marrying the Man I have a Mind to, I'll engage he shall consent to the throwing of my Fortune into the Publick Funds, the Minute you throw me into his Arms. So you shall have the Use of my Pence till I am of Age, as a Premium for advancing to him the Use of my Person.

Sir Tho. Hum? The Girl begins to talk sensible—But 'tis not yet proper to understand her—Look'e Child, when you have persuaded your Lover to make the same Proposal under his Hand, I shall then believe you are equally mad to come at one another—In the mean Time, let me advise you to your Chamber, from whence I shall allow you the lovely Prospect of the Garden.

[*Exit.*]

Flo. You may chance to fret for this, my very wise Uncle.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Friendly and Servant.

Friend. What a watchful old Rogue is this?

Serv. A very Dragon, Sir.

Friend. To use a young Creature so unmercifully.

Serv. Nay, Sir, so uncivilly.

Friend. How, Sirrah?

Serv. To force her to such Extremities, to make her straddle over a great Wall, and risque her Neck down a Ladder at Midnight,

Flo.

Midnight, when he ought to lend her his Hand into a Coach and Six out of his great Gate at Noon Day to come to you, Sir. But the Rascal has no Breeding.

Friend. By *Mercury*, I'll be even with him.

Serv. You have Reason, Sir, for tho' I say it —

Friend. That shou'd not say it.

Serv. She is a lovely Piece of Temptation, Sir.

Friend. What's a Clock, Sirrah?

Serv. By the Moon's rising, I believe it may be about, a—past Ten.

Friend. Then, Sirrah, about past—Twelve—

Serv. You'll have one of her blue silk Stockings straddling over the Wall, Sir—

A I R VI. At past one a Clock, &c.

Friendly Sings.

*At past Twelve a Clock, and a fine Summer's Morning,
When all in the Village sleeps pleasantly;
Cynthia's bright Beams, all Nature adorning,
Shall guide my swift Steps to my lovely She.*

*Then my fair Flora, fraught with kind Wishes,
I'll fold in my Arms, with amorous Kisses,
Which serve as Preludes to more solid Bliss—*

Soon as the Vicar has made us one.

But where's the Country Fellow you promis'd shou'd carry my Answer to her Letter?

Serv. Who, *Hob*, Sir! Here he is; and if any suspects his Face for a Pimp's, I have no Skill in the Science, Sir.

Enter Hob.

Friend. Well, *Hob*, can'st thou carry this Letter to Sir *Tho. Testy's* House for me.

Hob. Yes, Zir, yes.

Friend. Do so, and give it to Madam *Flora*; but take care nobody sees you deliver it.

Hob. Yes, Zir—But must I carry it to Night? — 'Tis main dark.

Friend. You must go immediately.

Hob. I hope, Zir, there's no Difference between you and *Zir Tomas*.

Friend. Why do'st hope so?

Hob. Why truly, Zir, I do hear there be; and therefore don't care to meddle or make between Friends; for 'tis but an unthankful Office; and you know *Zir Tomas* is very curst, and if he does but suspect that I shau'd concern myzel, may hap-

ma

may take the Law of me; and you know, Zir, the Law is a frightful Thing.

A I R VII. She got Money by th' Bargain.

Sings. *The terrible Law, When it fastens its Paw,
On a poor Man, it gripes 'till he's undone;
And what I am doing, May turn to my Ruin,
Tho' rich as the Lord Mayor of London.
Therefore I'll be wary, What Message I carry,
Unless we first make a sure Bargain;
I will be 'dempnified, Thoroughly satisfied
That ch'an shan't suffer a Varding.*

Friend. Pish, the Law will never trouble thee; I'll secure thee from any Harm.

Hob. Very well, Zir, very well, that's as much as I can desire: But pray don't take unkindly what I say, for you know no Man is willing to bring himself into a Primunire if he can help it.

Friend. No, no—Prithee be gone.

Hob. I will Zir, I will—for—Pray, Zir, be pleas'd to read the Subscription for me

Friend. S'Death, how I am tortur'd with this foolish Fellowship, and I can send no Body else without being suspected—Don't trouble thyself with the Supercription, but deliver it as I bid thee.

Hob. Very good, Zir, very good—'Tis main Dark—Wou'd it not do as well, Zir, if I shou'd carry it in the Morning? I had rather go in the Morning.

Friend. Why so?

Hob. Why, truly, Zir, I'll tell you: At the lower End of Zir Tomas's Orchard, one of our poor Neighbours being in a disparagin Condition, has gone and hang'd himself. Now there is some do say that he walks by Night in several Sorts of Shapes.

Friend. What, and so you are afraid, are you?

Hob. No, indeed, Zir, ch'am not afraid—I thank Marcy, I defy the Devil and all his Works.

Friend. A Pox oh thee then, get thee gone.

Hob. Tho' I must tell you, I have a great Conceit he will appear to me,—vor you must know, To-morrow the Crown-er's Quest is to zit upon him, whereof, d'ye see, I'm to be one; and who knows but he may have something upon his Spirits, that may make him break his Mund to me: and if so, let me tell you, I'm afraid it will make a bad Day for somebody—for if Zir Tomas had kept his Fences whole, mayhap
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B
this

this Man had never been tempted to ha' gone into his Ground to ha' hang'd himself. But be that as it will, I'll do your Business for you; therefore pray take you no Care, Zir —

Friend. Prithee about it then.

Hob. Ay, ay. I'll warrant you, don't trouble your zel no vurther—for if I zay I'll do't, I'll do't, that's my Humour.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Thomas and Servants.

Sir Tho. 'Twill be a hard Matter to sink any of the Principal, indeed; so that cou'd the Girl make good the Proposal, I wou'd not care how soon she was kiss'd black in the Face; but shou'd I give her the least Liberry upon't, 'tis possible when she has made use on't, her Conscience might desire to be off. And I dare swear her Lover will spare neither Care nor Cost to come at her without my Consent, and Gold in particular has a prevailing Influence in a Love Affair, therefore I must watch my Ward myself—Servants may be corrupted.

AIR VIII. We'll learn to be merry and wise.

*To guard my Hesperian Tree
Requires more Care than of Old,
That was robb'd by a half Deity,
And without the Assistance of Gold.*

*But in this Age, Gold softens the Mind,
A Governante's Tongue 'twill lay mute;
Charm Prudes, make a coy Virgin kind,
Whilst a Lover (with Ease) steals the Fruit.*

D'ye hear, Rascals, look sharp, for this is the usual Hour, that your soft sighing Rogues run a Caterwanling.

Serv. Sir! Sir! yonder's somebody with a Light coming down the Field.

Sir Tho. Statd still then, and observe.

Enter Hob Whistling.

Hob. Zo, this is the House—now let me zee—how shall I go about to do this same Business—If that old Fox, Zir *Thomas*, shou'd spy me, he'd maul me for zertain—But let me alone, I'll be cunning enough for him, I'll warrant ye — If he zees me he must have more Eyes than two—Hold, hold, now let me zee for his same Letter—O, here it is—For Madam *Flo—Flo—* Madam *Flora*.

Sir Tho. Where are you carrying this Letter Friend?

[*Sir Tho. snatching it.*]

Hob.

Hob. Letter, Zir?

Sir Tho. Letter. Sir! ay Letter, Sir! who did you bring it from?

Hob. Bring it from, Zir; I brought it vrom no Body, nor I.

Sir Tho. How came you by it?

Hob. By it, Zir, I did not buy it; why 'vound it in my Pocket, Zir.

Sir Tho. Found it in your Pocket—What did it grow there then, ha! Where are you going with it?

Hob. Going with it, Zir! I don't know wh re I ch'am going with it not I.

Sir Tho. What do you here at this Time o'Night?

Hob. I can't tell what I do here, nor I—I'll go home, Zir, if you please—I wish you a good Night.

Sir Tho. Hold, hold, a little, Friend, let me reward you first for bringing it, however.

Hob. Not a Varthing. Zir, indeed, I must not take one Varthing, for Maister *Friendly* charg'n me to th' Contrary, therefore pray don't offer it.

Sir Tho. O, did he so—but something I will give you however; Pray take that, and that Sirrah. [*Beats him.*]

Hob. O Lard! O Lard! what do ye strik'n for? afore Gad I'll take the Law of you zee an I don't—what do you go to murder me?

Sir Tho. I'll Law you, you Rogue—are you their Letter-Carrier? there's more for you, Sirrah.

Hob. Bear Witness, bear Witness, ze an you don't pay vor this, Oh Lard! Oh Lard!

Sir Tho. Here, Sirrahs, lay hold of him, till I examine the Letter. Let's see—To Mrs. *Flora*—right.

“ The Proposal you mention, in Case of Extremity, will
 “ certainly do, but it will be a much pleasanter Piece of Jus-
 “ tice to bite him for his Barbarity: [*A Son of Whore, he*
 “ *means me to be sure*] The Ladder, and all Things shall be ready
 “ exactly at Twelve to Night [*Oons*] If you have any Thing
 “ farther of Moment, this Fellow is honest, and will convey
 “ it safe to your eternal Lover,” *Tom. Friendly.*

Yes, yes, I find he is honest, with a Pox to him, and I'll reward him accordingly—Here, desire that honest Gentleman to walk down to the Bottom of that Well—And let him stay there till I call for him.

Hob. I can't do it, as I hope to be zav'd I can't; pray forbear, and don't murder an innocent Man.

[*Falls on his Knees.*]

A I R

AIR IX. My Father he left me a wealthy Estate.

*I never till now was conzarned in Strife,
Have Mercy, Sir Tomas, and spare poor Hob's Life,
And give me my Freedom, as I had bevore—
I'll be a good Boy, and I'll do so no more :*

Indeed I won't.

Sir Tho. In with him. I say—

Hob. O Lard Maister Jonathan, I vorewarn you, don't ye be conzarn'd in this? Consider what you do.

Sir Tho. Oons! In with him.

Hob. You are all Principals, there are no 'Complices in Murder. Help! Murder!

[*They put him down, and Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Chamber.*

Enter Flora.

Flo. I heard a strange Noise without; I wish Things go as they shoud—My Heart beats, as if Mr. What d'ye call 'em were in my Arms—Well, this Love's a terrible Thing—Would the worst on't were over—I'm afraid I shall never be able to go thro' with it—I am sure here is an odd Buffle about it.

[*Enter Betty.*]

How, now!

Bet. Undone! Undone! Madam; Your Uncle has intercepted Mr. Friendly's Letter in Answer to your's, and all your Design's discover'd; he raves and tears like a Mad-man, and in his Passion has thrown the poor Fellow that brought it into the great Well—And swears if any Body offers to help him out, without his Order, he'll throw them in after him.

Flo. Well, if I am here alive, I thought it woud come to nothing—it vexes the Heart of me.

Bet. But come, Madam, don't be wholly discourag'd, for John tells me, 'tis a hundred to one but the Fellow's drown'd.

Flo. Psha! I wish my Uncle was drown'd in his room.

Bet. No, Madam, but he'll be hang'd, and that's as well.

Flo. Do you really think so?

Bet. Poz.

Flo. Then I'll marry in spite of his Teeth.

Bet. Right, when he's in one Noose, you may slip into t'other.

Flo. Dear Betty, step out and see how 'tis with the Fellow, for I'm in a thousand Frights; and if Things are—you know how—ask when the Assizes begin.

[*Exit.*]

A I R

AIR X. The Lass with the Nut-brown Hair.

To forgive sure is great,
But Revenge for Wrongs is sweet,
So for once let Resentment prevail;
My Guardian Relation,
Is in a Situation,
Shou'd move a soft Breast to bewail.

But his sordid Cruelty
Has so perverted me,
I can bear of his Death without Pain;
When he's swinging in his Shoes,
I'll fix my Marriage-Noose,
And (with Justice) great Hymen shall reign.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV. The Well, &c.

Enter Old Hob, and his Wife.

O. Hob. Come Wife, never trouble thy self, a wull go a rawging zometimes, and there's an End on't, a wull come again, I warrant'un.

Wife. I think o' my Conscience it's no great Matter whether he does or no—A bafe Ranguer to be out of the Way at such a busy Time as thick is. The Zun has been up this Hour and Quarter, and that graceless Boy, I warrant, has not been a-bed yet; prithee Husband step and zee, a'n he be'nt zotting at the Park-gate, and I'll draw th' Water in the mean Time.

O. Hob. Do you then.

[Exit.]

Wife. This Boy's the Plague of my Life, I think—'twere more than Time the Gammon had been boil'd by now. And now the Volk wull come to the Wake bevore he be cold—and then it wau'n't be fit to be eaten—A Jackanapes! when I bid 'en, and beg 'en, and pray'd 'en to stay, and he wou'd go—And yet norwithstanding all I have zaid, cou'd I lay Eyes on him, I shou'd forget his Rogury and forgive'n.

AIR XI. The Logan Water is so deep.

The Shepherdes with Looks dismay'd,
Because her Fav'rite Lamb has stray'd;
In angry Search her Time employs,
But found—that Passion's lost in Joys.

So

*So will it be, with silly me,
When next my truant Boy I see;
My Heart pleads strongly on his Side,
And I shall rather kiss than chide.*

Here have I been blaming the poor Boy for not 'minding his Business, and at the same Time neglect my own: I must haste to wind up the Bucker, or I shall have Husband back bevore I've drawn a Drop of Water.

[Goes to the Well and sings, Did you not hear, &c.]

Lud, Lud, 'tis main heavy—Heyday — I believe old Nick's in the Bottom of o'th the Bucker, for my Part, *[Hob cries out]* Oh, a Ghost! a Ghost!

[Hob appears in the Bucket, and she lets the Rope go, and he sinks again.]

O. Hob. Heyday! what's the Matter, with a Murrain t'ye, is the Woman in her Tantrums?

Wife. A Ghost! a Ghost!—Hob's Ghost in the Well—ah—

O. Hob. The Woman's turn'd Fool, I think — let me zee, if the Devil be in the Well, I'll vetch 'en out on't—here's a Rout indeed—Wanns I think the Devil be in the Bucker—But now I have got 'en half Way, I'll know what zort of a Devil 'tis, and if he ben't a civil one, I'll zouze un and zop un in the Bottom agen.

Y. Hob. Ah! hau'd vast, Vather, 'tis I! 'tis I!

Wife. Ah! 'tis there again.

O. Hob. Hau'd your Peace, I say, the Devil can't get in a Word for you, I think—who's there? Hob?

Y. Hob. Ay, vor Love's sake pull away, Vather.

O. Hob. Prithee lends thy Hond Wife—Bless my Eyes! 'tis Hob indeed—what in the Name of Wonder dost thou here Lad?

Y. Hob. Ah! don't 'e ask Questions now, Vather — get me home—Zir Tomas has don't; but if there be Law in all the King's Kingdom, I'll Capias 'en for zartain, I dan't know but it may prove the Death of me; I'll zue him next Hizi-Prizis an it cost me forty Shillings. I'M zue him, come on't what will—zee if I don't make him pay vor't.

A I R XII. To an *Irish Tune.* Trio.

Wife. *Oh my poor Boy,*

O. Hob. *His Looks are stark wild:*

Wife. *Con'd Sir Tomas destroy,*

O. Hob. *So hopeful a Child!*

Y. Hob. *I'll revenge if I can.*

Wife. *Ah! talk so no more;*

O. Hob.

O. Hob. *He's a Great Man,*

O. Hob. and Wife. *And we are but poor.*

X. Hob. All you do say can signify nothing, I'll Capias 'em vor'r, let it cost what it will.

Wife. Go to bed Boy, whilst I get the dry Cloathing.

O. Hob. Think thou art taught to return good for ill.

T. Hob. *I'll Indict'en i'th' Crown,*

And bind o'er to the Session,

Tho' I sell my Heifer, and the auld Mare,

Udsblead I'd hang 'em or drown 'em;

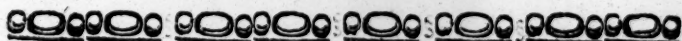
O. Hob. ——— *Forbear such Expressions ———*

Wife. *Prithee vorgive, and be not zevere.*

T. Hob. *I'll never vorgive, and will be zevere.*

Wife. Oh, poor Hob, come along Child, and I'll get thee a little Zugar-zop's to comfort thy Bowels. [Exeunt.]

End of the First Act.



A C T II.

SCENE, *A Chamber.*

Enter Sir Thomas and Servant.

Sir Tho. **J**OH N, what's become of the Fellow that fell into the Well last Night, has any Body taken any care of him?

Serv. No, Sir, your Worship said he should lye there till your Worship was pleased to call for him—

Sir Tho. Oons, Sirrah, you have not drown'd the Fellow, have you?

Serv. Who, I drown him, Sir! nay, nay, hau'd yee, I am but a Servant, and 'twas you bad me; an any Mischief shoud come on'r, 'tis you must answer it—Flesh! what have I to do with it!

Sir Tho. You impudent Rogue! woud' you put your Villanies upon me? Did not I see you Collar him, did not you lay violent Hands upon him, Sirrah, and am not I a Witness against you?

Serv. Lard, Lard, at this rate, a Man had as good be a Galley-Slave, as a Servant—if one don't do as one'e bid, one's Head's

Head's broke; and if one does, one's to be hang'd for't — but come what will, the Gallows will hold two, that's the best on't.

Sir Tho. He says true, faith—Well, well, keep your own Counsel, Sirrah, and I'll see what I can do to save you.

Serv. Nay, nay, as for that, do you see, do as you see Cause—let it go thick way, or let it go thack way, 'tis all a Case to me, go which way it will; one good Turn, will require another.

Sir Tho. Hold your Peace, Sirrah — and be gone —
[Exit Servant.] this surly Dog is not to be frighted, I see; I must (as is customary with a Man in Power) protect this Fellow in his Roguery for my own Sake.

AIR XIII. I have left the World, as the World
found me.

A Rogue, that is hired

To do what's required,

And ne'er stick at Honour or Conscience,

To compass his Ends,

Will destroy his best Friends,

For a Villain's Sure Friendship is Nonsense.

Yet still he may laugh,

Well assur'd he is safe,

And despise all Attempts to accuse him;

For his Patron oft-times,

Promoting his Crimes,

Must (for Self-Preservation) excuse him.

Enter Servant with a Letter.

Serv. Sir, here's a Letter for you.

Sir Tho. Who brought it?

Serv. Mr. Friendly's Man, Sir.

Sir Tho. Let's see. (Reads)

Sir, your Neice informs me, that she has made you a Proposal concerning our Marriage, which I am willing to ratify whenever you will please to do me the Honour of a Meeting.

Yours.

Humph! that Meeting may be to meet with my Neice for ought I know—I must have the Particulars under his Hand, before I seem to understand him; therefore that I don't understand him, shall be my Answer—in the mean Time, I'll put on a smother Look to the Girl, and shew her a little of the Country Diversion from the Mount in the Garden; and if they are in earnest, that good Humour will work her to
work

work him up to my Price—Bid the Fellow stay 'till I write him an Answer.

SCENE II. *The Wood and Garden-Wall.*

Enter Old Hob and Wife.

Wife. Come, Husband, now the Boy has got on his dry Cloaths, let him be stirring a bit—Come, come, make haste, the Town will be full of Volk, bevore we shall get vitted

O. Hob. Don't trouble thy zelf Wife, every Thing within Doors is ready, and there's nothing wanting but the Zign to be put up, and look'ye, that shall be done present—*Hob, Hob.*

Hob. within. What say you Vather?

O. Hob. Tap the Ale, quick, quick.

Hob. within. Ay, ay, Vather.

O. Hob. There—now he that will drink good Ale, let him come to the Zign of the Pot-Lid—Come, Wife, let's to our Businefs within. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Friendly disguis'd, Servant, and Country People.

Friend. If this Disguise does not conceal me—

Serv. You'll then be out of Countenance to no Purpose, Sir—but pray, Sir, what do you propose by turning Ballad-Singer?

Friend. I do propose that *Flora* shall know me by my Voice, and that consequently her Wits will soon be at work to come at me.

Serv. Well, Sir, but of what Use can I be? For I can no more sing, than I can fast.

Friend. But you can help to draw other gaping Fools about me.

Serv. There's some Sense in that indeed, Sir.

Enter Sir Thomas, Flora, and Betty.

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Flo. I like it very well here, Sir.

Friend. Well, ho! this same is intituled, An excellent new Ballad, in Praise of the *Country-Wake*.

Sir Tho. Hark! we shall have a merry Ballad.

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Flo. Bless my Eyes!—is not that he, *Betty*?

Bet. The very He, Madam—but hush,

C

AIR

A I R XIV. Rare Doings at Bath.

I.

I'LL sing you a Ditty, and warrant it true,
 Give but Attention unto me a-while,
 Of Transactions at Court, and in Country too;
 Toilsome Pleasures, and pleasing Toil.
 Accept it (I pray) as your Help-Mates you take,
 To some 'twill give Joy,
 And some others annoy,
 All's fair at a Country-Wake. All's fair, &c.

II.

Many Ladies at Court are stiled unpolite,
 Because truly Virtuous, and prone to no Ill;
 Whilst others who sparkle in Diamonds bright,
 Are strip'd of their Pride at Basset or Quadrille:
 Till their Losses at Play, do their Lords Credits shake,
 Then their Toys to recover,
 They'll grant the last Favour,
 Strange News at a Country-Wake. Strange News, &c.

III.

Here most of our Gentlemen, Patriots are,
 Tho' very bad Statesmen, I freely confess;
 They design Harm to none—but a Fox or a Hare,
 And are always found Loyal in War and in Peace.
 The Farmers Industry does Earth fertile make;
 The Husbandman's Plowing,
 His Planting and Sowing,
 Gets Health and good Cheer at a Country-Wake. Gets, &c.

IV.

Our Girls blooming fair, without Washes or Paints,
 From neighbouring Villages hither resort,
 They kiss sweet as Roses, yet virtuous as Saints
 (Who can say more for the Ladies at Court)
 No worldly Cares vex 'em asleep or awake,
 But their Time they improve
 In Peace and true Love,
 And innocent Mirth, at the Country-Wake. And, &c.
 V. The

V.

*The Schemes of a Courtier are full of Intrigue,
Here all's fair and open, dark Deeds we despise :
Set Rural Contentment 'gainst Courtly Fatigue,
Who chuses the former is happy and wise.
Now let's pray for the King, and, for England's sake,
From all Faction free
May his Subjects agree
As well at the Court, as the Country-Wake. As we 1, &c.*

Do you think she knew me?

Serv. Knew you, Sir! why I bought one of your Ballads for her, and she tipt the Wink upon me, with as much as to say, desire him not to go till he hears from me—Suppose, Sir, you took a Cup of Nappy here to pass away the Time a little.

Friend. Call for what you have a Mind to.

Serv. Here, House!

Enter Hob.

Hob. Ch'am coming, Ch'am coming. Your Zervant, Maister *Friendly*, I'm glad to zee you, you're welcome to the Fair.

Friend. I thank you, honest *Hob*.

Hob. I shou'd know that Gentleman—Maister *Richard*, I think.

Serv. Ay, *Hob*, how do'st do?

Hob. O Lard, Maister, how d'ye do? Come, pray zit down—Maister *Friendly*,—Come, pray stay, and drink one Pot a vore you go.

Friend. Sit down, or this Fellow's Impertinence will make us observed: What dost thou do with an Apron on, *Hob*?

Hob. A dod, I put'n on but just now; Vather will do as Neighbour's do, and every one i'th Town almost zell Ale on Fair Day—But now we zell severall other Zorts of Liquors, and Wine too, an Occahon be.

Friend. Wine!

Hob. Ay, all Zorts of Wine.

Friend. Say'st thou so? Bring us some *Claret* then.

Hob. *Claret*, Zir! We have no *Claret*, we mun not sell *Claret*, 'tis against th' Law—Now you may ha' some of o' your Port, your *Red Port* now, or your *White Port*, or such zort of Stuff.

Friend. Such Stuff as thou hast then, prithee bring us.

Hob. Yes, Sir—Ch'am coming—Now in my Mind, Zir, what do you think of a little *Zack*; a little *Zack* now, and some o' your *Zugar* in'r, is main good.

Friend.

Friend. Prithee bring what thou lik'st best thyself, for I'm sure 'twill please no Palate but thy own.

[*Exit. Hob.*]

Serv. Sir, with humble Submission, I don't yet discover any great Hopes from this same Project of Yours; pray Sir, how do you propose to come at the Lady?

Friend. While the Garden Door's shut, and that old Dragon is so watchful of the Fruit, there are but little Hopes indeed. However, I won't quite the Place, Fortune may yet do some thing unexpectedly to befriend me.

[*Enter Hob, with Pots, Tobacco, Bread, Cheese, and Sugar.*]

Hob. Ch'am coming, ch'am coming—Here, Zir—

Friend. Where's the Sack, *Hob.*

Hob. Sack, Zir! Odd I don't know, I thought you said you had rather have Ale—Ale is indeed much wholsomer for your *English* Stomachs—For my Part, I'd rather have Ale now. Maister *Richard*, bite a bit afore you drink; come, and in the mean time, I'll put a little Sugar in the Ale, and make it as good as I can for you. Come, Zir, against you're dispos'd.

Friend. Thank you, *Hob*—This Fellow's Kindness will poison me.

Serv. Not at his rate of Tasting, Sir, for he has not left a Drop at the Bottom.

Hob. Adod, 'tis main good, Sir, — Will you have t'other Pot, Sir?

Friend. No; prithee drink this too, and then fetch us a Couple?

Hob. Yes, Zir, I will—Ch'am coming— [Exit. *Hob.*]

Sir Tho. Come, my merry Countrymen, every Man take his Lads, and give us a Dance or two, and then we'll have the Cudgels out.

Count. Yes, an't like your Worship, we are all ready. Come, *Scratch*, strike up. [Dance.]

Enter Hob.

Hob. Ay, marry Zir, well done *Ralph*, zet to un *Joan*, zet to un.

[*Wife within.*] *Hob!* *Hob!*

Hob. Ch'am coming, ch'am coming—Toll, loll—In *Mary*—

O. *Hob. within.*] *Hob!* *Hob!*

Hob. Ch'am coming, ch'am coming—What a Plague ails Vather, trow? An old Fool!—Udsblead, he makes more a Noise—Set to now *William*—Ah, rarely done! In *Mary*, ah, dainty *Mary!* Turn her about *John*—Now, now! a murrain!—You're quite out—Look, *Ralph* should ha' cast off, and while *John* had turn'd *Mary* about, *Tomas* shou'd ha' led up *Nan*, and *Joan* met *Ralph* at bottom agen; mean while, *John* shou'd

thou'd have sided with *Mary*, and then *Mary* shou'd back to back with *Ralph*, and then *Tomas* had come in again, in his own Place, and so all had been Right—Come, begin again—Strike up, *Scratch, Tol, lol.*

O. Hob within] *Hob! Hob!* Where be ye?

Hob. Ch'am coming, ch'am coming: What a Devil can't you be quiet a bit — *Tol, lol —*

Enter Old Hob.

O. Hob. Hey-day! Hey-day! This is rare Sport. Udsblead, I'll strap you, you base Rawg ye — Must you be dancing here, and your Mother and I at Work. [*Strikes him.*]

Hob. Hey-day, what's the Matter now? What must I be beat all Days o' my Life?

O. Hob. You graceless Rawg, mind your Business then, do; yonder's your poor Mother within, a Scawring, and Scawring 'till she sweats again, and no Body to draw one Drop of Beer.

Hob. I don't care a Varthing — I won't draw a Drop more, if you go to that; do your worst, and take your Course.

O. Hob. Sirrah, come in, and don't stand dancing here, dan't ye.

Hob. I won't go in, zo I won't; if that trouble ye, I will dance, and dance agen. *Tol, lol, lol —*

A I R XV.

*Sure never was zeen such a Rebel,
Thou worst of undutiful Boys,
Thy Tongue, like the Builders of Babel,
Confuses the Ear with it's Noise.
Remember thy dreary Figure,
When out of the Well thou wast brought,
Thy Mother and I toil'd with Vigour
To save thee — And now thou'rt worth nought.*

Ah! thou'rt an untoward Boy as e'er was born. Marcy forgive me, for beggering thee [*Exit O Hob.*]

Hob. Marry come up, what's here to do, I trow?

Count. Here's the Cudgels, an't like you; will your Worship please to have us begin?

Sir Tho. Ay, ay, by all Means; make haste, Roger, and bring forth the Hat and Favour.

Roger. Here 'tis, an't please you.

Sir

Sir *Tho.* Hang it up there, and he that wins it let him wear it — The first *Somersetshire* Man that breaks a Head, here's half a Crown for him to drink; and he that breaks that Rogue *Hob's* Head, shall have another.

Hob. Shall he?

AIR XVI. Go vind the Vicar of *Taunton Dean*.

*Go vind the Vicar of our Town,
And he'll hauld ye an Angel o' my Head,
And I'll bet you another, and stake it down,
That I break both his, and thy Head —
Few Bouts will set these Matters right,
For my Cudgel, an't prove a good one,
Shau'd make no Distinction twixt Teoman and Knight,
Sing Heydon, Dooden, Cudden, &c.*

Look ye, he that breaks my Head shall ha' zomewhat to do, I'll tell you that. — Let'n be who he wull, he shall earn his Money; ecod I'll rib'n; and look ye, to begin, here I'll take up the Cudgel — and now let the best Man here take up the t'other a'n he dare — If he be a *Zomerzetshire* Man; let'n be a *Zomerzetshire* Man — I fight for *Gloucestershire*, I don't care who knows it.

Sir *Tho.* At him, at him there, what is there no Body dare venture upon him? Neighbour *Puzzlepate*, take up t'other Cudgel.

Puz. Not I, an't please you, I have enough of 'em already, he broke my Head but last Week.

Sir *Tho.* Roger — Sirrah, do you take up t'other Cudgel, and thrash him, d'ye hear, thrash him soundly, Sirrah.

Rog. I can't promise that, Sir; I'll do my best, I'll break his Head if I can, in Love; and if he breaks mine, much good may do him.

Friend. So! if *Hob* does but get the better of the Combat, the testy Knight will certainly be provok'd to come down, and then we shall have Sport — *Dick*, help to encourage him.

Serv. Well said *Hob*! O brave *Hob*! now for *Gloucestershire*, *Hob*!

Hob. I warrant ye, Maister, let me alone.

Friend. Here *Hob*, there's an Angel for thee, and if thou break'st his Head, I'll give thee another.

Hob. Don't ye veer, Maister, ecod I'll 'noint 'em.

Rog. Do if thou canst — I don't fear thee, *Hob*.

Hob.

Hob. Smiled, I'll dress thy Jacket, I'll drowse thy Somersetshire Coat for thee.

Rog. Will you?

A I R XVII. In Taunton-Dean.

Sings. In Taunton-Dean, I was born and bred,
And 'tis known, I don't value a broken Head;
Nor, shau'd I fear Hob, were he stout in his
Wrath,
As Hercules, or Goulding of Bath,
Fal, lal, &c.

Come on.

Serv. O brave, Hob.

All. O brave, Roger — Huzza.

[Hob breaks his Head, takes down the Hat and Favour, puts it on, and struts about.

Hob. Ecod I have don't, I've don't, efaith.

A I R XVIII. Now comes on the glorious Year.

Sings. Now brave Boys, the Fight is done,
And I the Prize have fairly won;
For I knew I could beat n four to one,
And that he'll sore remember.
Fal, lal, &c.

Sir Tho. Foul, foul, foul.

Hob. Fair, fair, fair.

Sir Tho. You lye you Dog, 'twas foul.

All. Huzza.

Friend. Stand upon your Guard, Hob, the Knight's coming down.

Hob. Is he? Let'n come and welcome, here I'll stand;
I'll take no other than St. George's Guard. If he lets drive at me, voregad, I'll hit'n o'er the Sconce, an he were a Knight of Gold.

Sir Tho. Where are these Bumkins: Now, who says 'tis fair? I say 'tis foul.

Hob. I say 'tis fair.

[Sir Thomas endeavouring to come at Hob, is held by the Country People.

AIR XIX. Come found up your Trumpets.

Hob. *Pray let'n come, Neighbours, for I be'n afeard:
Do'st think I'll be scar'd, like a Child at a Rod?
I'll keep my Ground bravely, and St. George's Guard —
Take Care then, Zir Tomas, I'll 'noint ye, Ecod.*

With a Fal, lal, &c.

[*They let him go, Hob breaks his Head; he draws his Sword. Hob and Countrymen run away. Sir Thomas pursues.*

Friend. To Flo. Now, now, dear Creature, if ever you wou'd redeem your self or me from eternal Bondage, be kind and fly into the Arms of Liberty.

AIR XX. Come open the Door sweet Betty.

Friend. *O fly from this Place, dear Flora,
Thy Faylor has left thee free,
And before the next Blush of Aurora,
You'll find a kind Guardian in me.*

Flora. *Fain wou'd I exchange for the better
(Confinement can have no Charms)*

Friend. *Think, which of your Prisons is sweeter,
This, or a young Lover's Arms.*

Madam, your Uncle has left the Garden Door open; there's no Mortal now to oppose your Flight — Scout — Scout you Dog, and see that the Enemy don't rally us.

Serv. Ay, ay, Sir.

[*Exit Servant.*

Flo. Ah, but consider, if my Uncle shou'd surprize me.

Bet. Consider, the Door's open, Madam.

Friend. Nothing but Delay can ruin us.

Flo. O dear, I'm in a thousand Frights!

Bet. This is downright provoking! Sir, since you see there's no Hopes of my Lady, if you can settle the least Tip of your Heart upon her humble Servant; I'll be over the Wall in a Twinkling.

Flo. Hold, hold, rather than you shou'd break your Neck, I will venture — Well, here I am, I tremble every Joint of me; now whither will you carry me?

[*They come down.*

Friend. To a Doctor, that shall cure thee of all Fears for ever—To the Parson, the Parson my dear Angel.

Flo. O Lord! but if he should not be at home now!

Bet. What shou'd we do for something to be afraid of?

AIR

A I R * XX. Ranting roaring Billy.

*Thus Maidens bely their Desires,
Yet languish for what they refuse;
And tho' their Breasts glow with Love's Fires,
Seem cold to the Joys they wou'd choose.*
*The Tongue and the Heart are two Factions,
We scarce reconcile till made Brides;
Like Statesmen, our Speeches and Actions,
Have commonly contrary Sides.* [Exeunt.

Enter Sir Thomas.

Sir Tho. There you rustick Rogues, you hard headed Dogs, I think I've at last met with your Sculls—I believe I have notch'd some of your Noddles for you.—Hey-day! the Garden-Door open, and my Neice gone! my Mind misgives me confusedly — Neice! Betty! Thieves! Robbery! Murder! Lost! not to be found!

Enter Friendly's Servant.

Serv. So, here he is, and I must bam him till the Business is over.

Sir Tho. Thieves! Thieves!

Serv. Pray, Sir, what's the Matter?

Sir Tho. Oons, Sir, let me go, or I'll run my Sword into your Guts.

Serv. Sir, I'm afraid your Brain's something out of Order, and therefore 'twill be but a friendly Part in me to take Care of you.

Sir Tho. Blood and Thunder! you Dog get out of my Way, or I'll—

Serv. Nay, then—

[Presenting a Pistol.

A I R XXI. Stand, who comes there?

Stand; have a Care.

Stand; have a Care.

One Step to move,

Will fatal prove,

For I know who you are.

Come, Sir, make your Thrust—

Sir Tho. What the Devil are you, Sir?

Serv. A Philosopher, and this small Pop is my Argument.

D

Sir

Sir Tho. Oons, Sir, I believe you are a Highway-man, and your Pop there, is your Livelihood.

Serv. Sir, you may be as scurrilous as you please, provided you don't pass this Way.

Sir Tho. S'Death, Sir, what Business have you to hinder me?

Serv. Sir, I have no Business at present, but to hinder you.

Sir Tho. But pray, Sir, how comes it to be your Business?

Serv. Because, Sir, 'tis my Business to do my Master's Business; and I have some modest Reason to believe, that he and the Parson are now doing your Neice's Business.

Sir Tho. The Devil! Murder! where are they, Villain?

Serv. Pray, Sir, compose yourself, for they are here.

Enter Friendly, Flora, and Betty.

Friend. Your Blessing, Sir?

Serv. Does not that show a sweet Temper in him now, to ask it of you, that are but his bare Uncle?

Sir Tho. I am struck all of a Heap and Dumb.

Serv. Come, Sir, don't be as obstinate as an old covetous Father at the End of a Comedy; consider, the main Action's over, you had as good be reconciled.

Sir Tho. Oons, Sir, I can't be reconcil'd. [*Exit. Sir Tho.*]

Serv. Go thy Ways, like a cross grain'd old Fool.

Friend. Let him persist in his Obstinacy, it can be no Bar to our Happiness—You look melancholy, my Love.

Flora. I think I've Reason—You promis'd to carry me to a Doctor, that shou'd cure me of my Fears. But, on the contrary, I find that the Malady increases, and in nothing more than the Dread of your Inconstancy. I have for ever lost my Uncle's Favour; and have now no Friend but you—Shou'd you hereafter estrange your Heart from me, I am wretched indeed—Reflect on what I've said, excuse my Suspicions, and remember there is no return of Seasons in Love.

AIR XXII. 'Twas on a Sun-shine Summer's Day.

Flora. Sweet is the budding Spring of Love—

Next, blooming Hopes, all Fears remove;

And when possess'd of Beauties Charms,

Fruition, like the Summer, warms.

But Pleasures, oft repeated, cloy,

To Autumn wanes the fleeting Joy,

Declining till Desires are lost—

Succeeded by eternal Frost. Succeeded, &c.

Friend.

Friend. Banish those Fears, be assured they are ground-
less — *Dick* — *Serv.* Sir.

Friend. Run, and call our Country Neighbours back
again to their Diversions, in which they were interrupt-
ed by Sir *Thomas*; tell them they shall be merry with
me To day, to make them amends for being frighted.
[*Exit Dick*] 'Twas a happy Interruption; for it gave us
an Opportunity to be for ever fix'd in Love — Look
merry, my Dear.

Flo. My Concern vanishes, now I've disclosed my Fears,
and Chearfulness will soon resume it's Throne.

Friend. You shall never have Cause to mention those
Fears again.

Flo. It is easy to talk thus now, but the Difficulty
will be to speak these Sentiments, with Truth, a Year
hence: However, as I have run all Hazards for you, Ho-
nour will oblige you to conceal your Inconstancy from
me — shou'd you be guilty of it.

A I R XXIII. Red House. Duetto.

Flora. Let me not discover,
In thee a faithless Lover.

Friend. I'll never prove a Rover,
But true as a Turtle to thee my Dear.

Flora. Love prompts me to believe thee,
Do not then deceive me.

Friend. My Conduct ne'er shall grieve thee,
Let this suffice; my Heart's sincere.

Flora. . . . Let our Lives be spent —

Friend. . . . In Merriment;

Flora. . . . With the sweet Cement —

Friend. . . . Of soft Content.

Flora. . . . May our Joys augment —

Friend. . . . May no dire Event,

Both. Disturb our mutual Pleasure.

Enter Dick, Hob, and Country Folks.

Hob. Is Sir *Tomas* gone?

Friend. Ay, *Hob*, come in, what art afraid of?

Hob. S'Bled, I was woundily afraid of's Sword, had he
kept to Stick, I'd thrash'd 'em to Mummy.

Friend. I'm sorry Neighbours, Sir *Thomas*'s passionate
Folly disturbing your Sports one Way, I'll endeavour to
make

make you all Satisfaction; this is my Wedding-Day, and consequently a Day of Jubilee.

Country-Folks. We wish you Joy, Maister Friendly and Mistress —

Hob. I wish yee Joy too. But when I was zopp'd 'ith' Well, I little thought I shou'd live to tell you zo.

Friend. *Hob,* thou shalt laugh at thy Danger — now 'tis over — Come we'll have a Song and a Dance, and haste to my Dwelling, and finish the Day with Mirth and hearty Cheer: The Night I'll dedicate to Love and Thee.

A I R XXIV. *Friendly Sings.*

*Success this Day has gain'd me Possession
Of what I love much dearer than Life;
The coming Night shall give me Fruition
Of all I can wish in a lovely Wife.*

*To — enjoy the Sweets the Country affords,
Who wou'd not forego the servile Flatt'ry of Courts;
To Hunt, Fish and Fowl, and taste the full Bowl;
There's nothing so healthful as rural Sports.*

C H O R U S.

<i>Now from Envy free</i>	<i>— All Friends loyally,</i>
<i>Supplicate with me</i>	<i>— Our guardian Divinity,</i>
<i>To bless the King and Queen, and Royal Progeny,</i>	
<i>Send us Peace, Trades increase, Health and Prosperity.</i>	
<i>May Cupid's Darts strike sure — But be the Cause the Cure;</i>	
<i>In virtuous Deeds delight</i>	<i>— Happily all unite</i>
<i>In Friendship and Love.</i>	
<i>[A Dance, and Exeunt.</i>	

F I N I S.

